

VOL. III, NO. 17. JUNE 29, 1916.

The New York Times

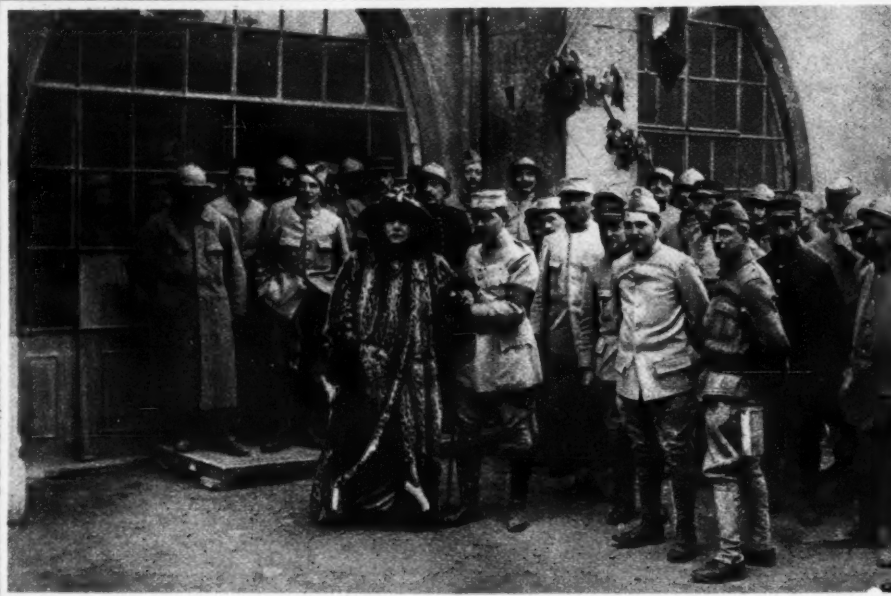
PRICE TEN CENTS

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL



FUNSTON
in command on the Mexican Border
(Press Illustrating Co.)

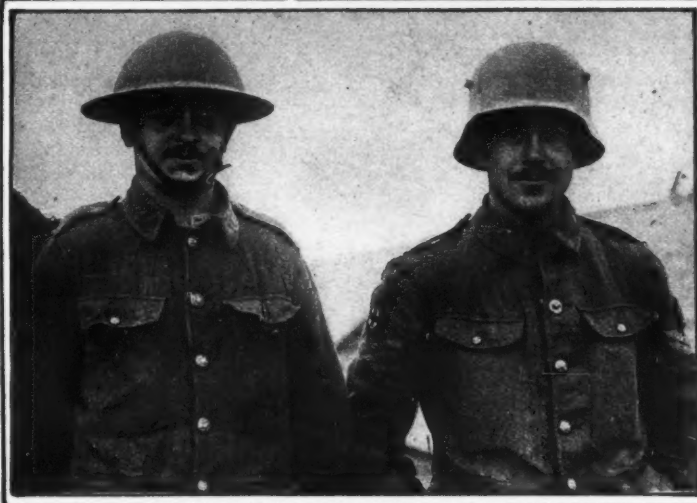
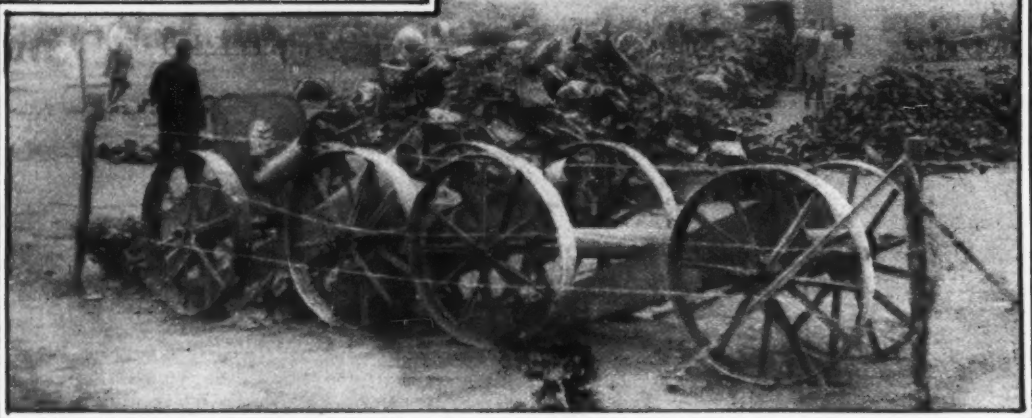
A Pictorial Potpourri from European War Zones



(Above at left) The new badge to be worn by British women munition workers.

Sarah Bernhardt, assisted by soldiers at the railway station at a small village behind the fighting lines in France, to which she has just paid an extended visit.

(Above, at left) This is probably one of the last photographs made of Earl Kitchener; it shows him at Broome Park, London, a short time prior to his boarding the Hampshire.



Dummy cannon, booty, and equipment captured by the French from the Germans in the fighting in Champagne.

(Photos from Janet Cummings, Paul Thompson, and Underwood & Underwood.)

The shape of the French steel helmet is well known to our readers, as it is often pictured in our pages; here, for comparison, are the British and (at right) German steel helmets.



A Serio-Comic War Map of Europe.

The Russian steam roller in distress; John Bull and the raiding Zeppelins; the Irish terrier in chains; France stricken, her life blood and financial strength ebbing away; Belgium under the German eagle; Spain and Portugal disturbed by the English bulldog at their feet; Italy in stress; Spring cleaning in the Balkans; Greece occupied; Turkey regenerated; the Netherlands blackened by war clouds—these are a few of the things one may see in this lampoon, republished from the Fliegende Blaetter of Munich.

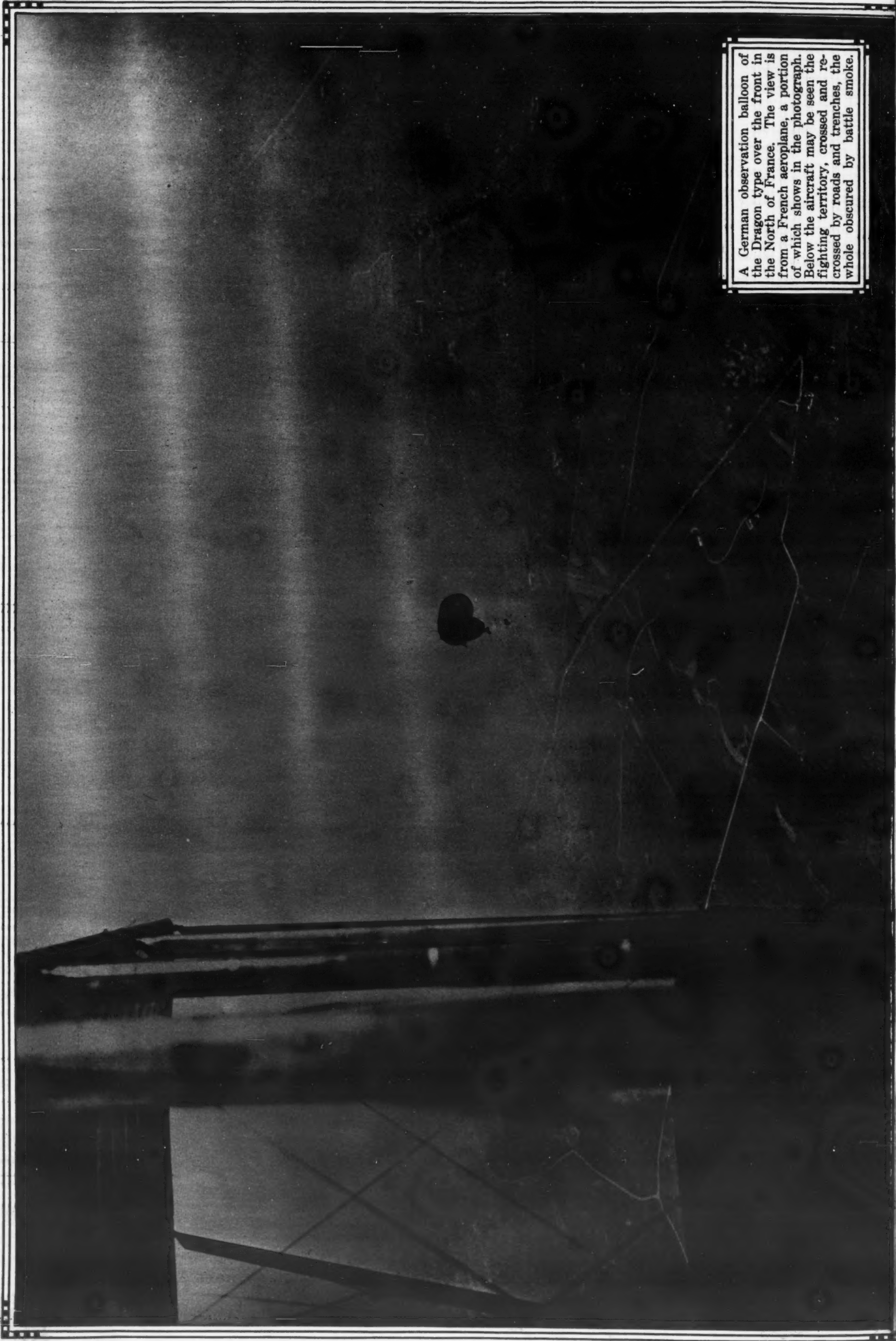
A French Barrage Fire, Seen from the First Lines



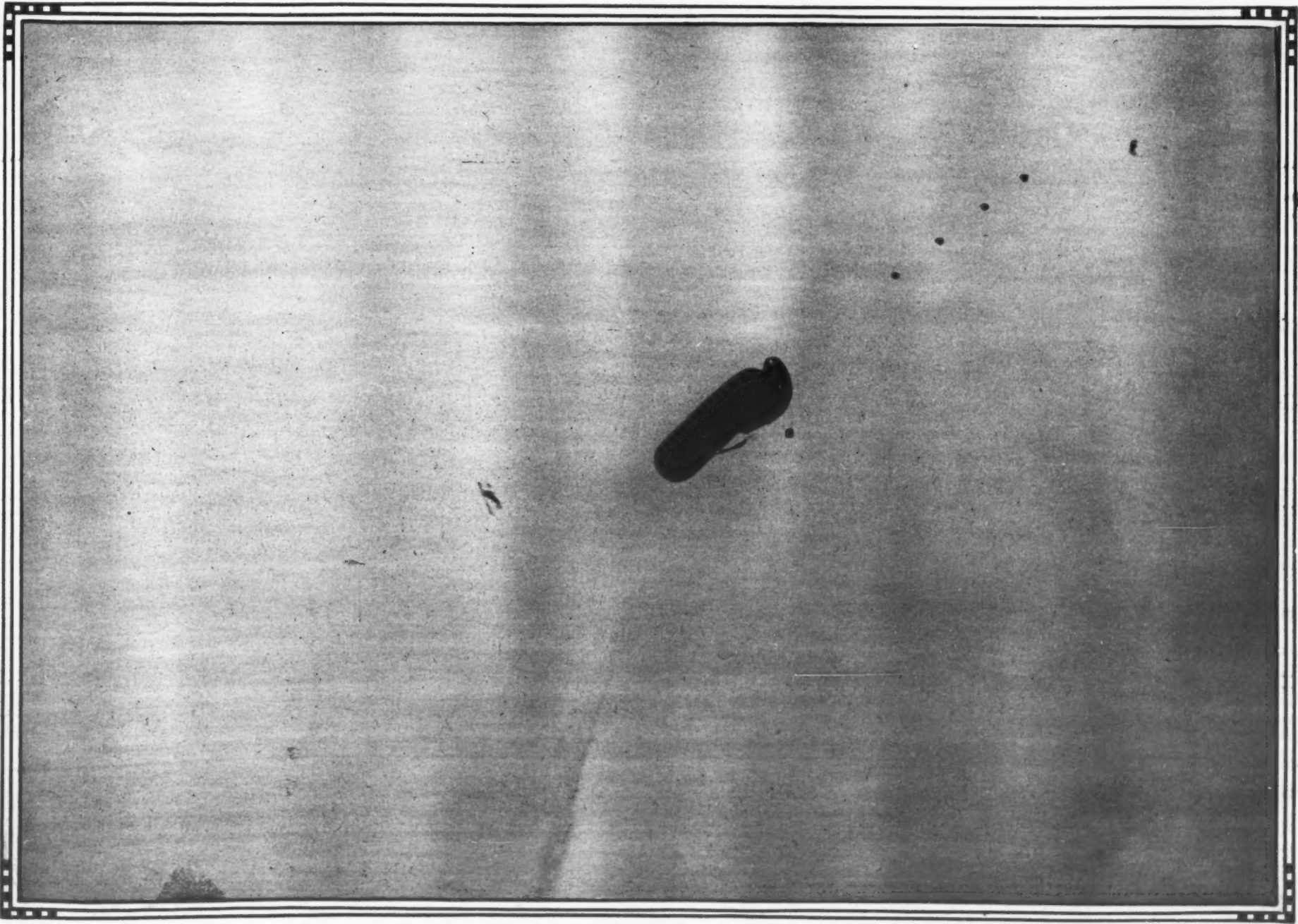
This picture, taken from a French first-line trench, shows the much-written-of barrage fire from the French guns breaking on a German position in the Meuse section. The barrage is a sectional or curtain fire

from a number of batteries firing in co-operation, and so arranged as to cover a given area of ground and make almost impossible the advance of a body of troops through the bombarded zone. (Press Illustrating Co.)

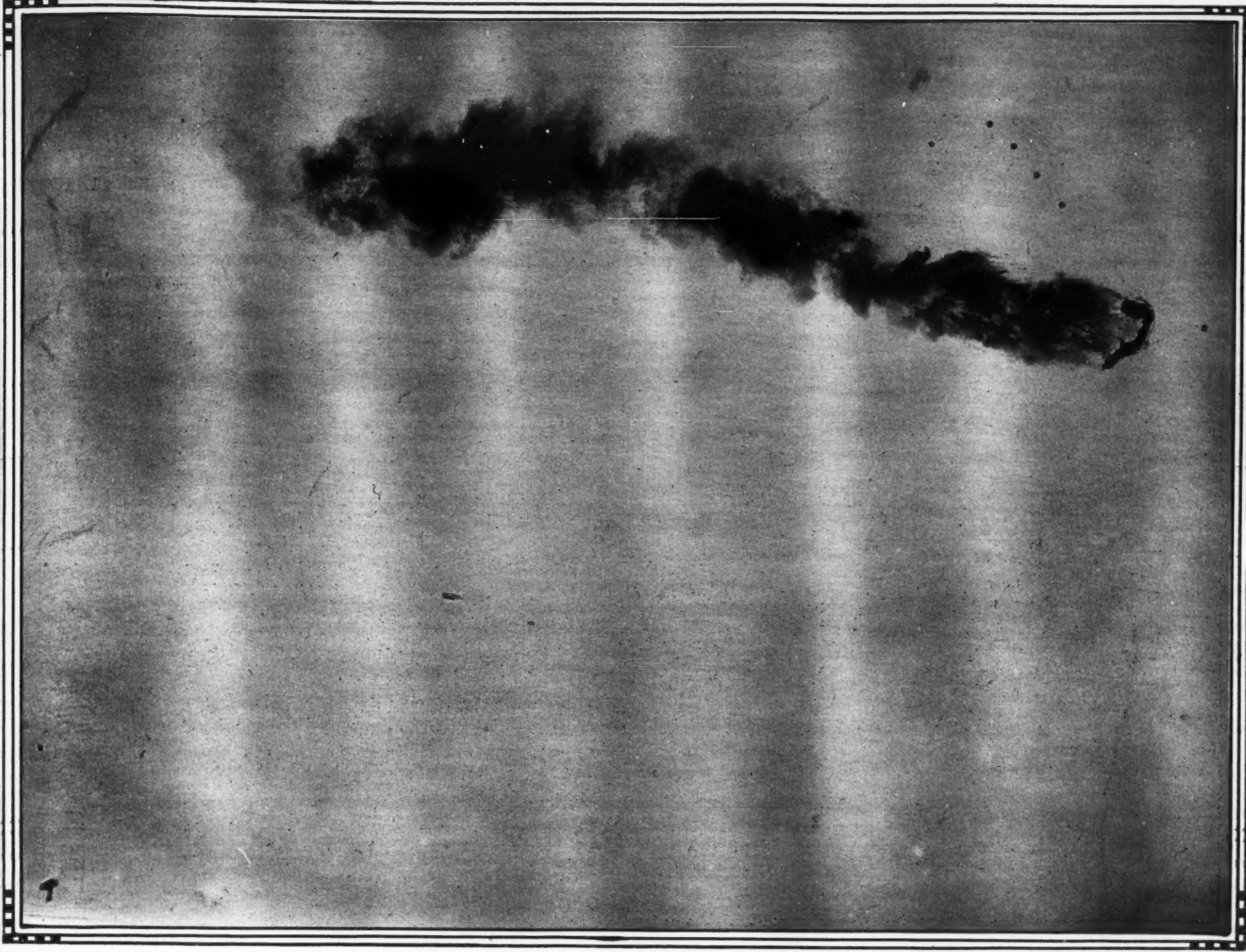
The Attack Upon and Destruction of a German Observation Balloon



A German observation balloon of the Dragon type over the front in the North of France. The view is from a French aeroplane, a portion of which shows in the photograph. Below the aircraft may be seen the fighting territory, crossed and recrossed by roads and trenches, the whole obscured by battle smoke.

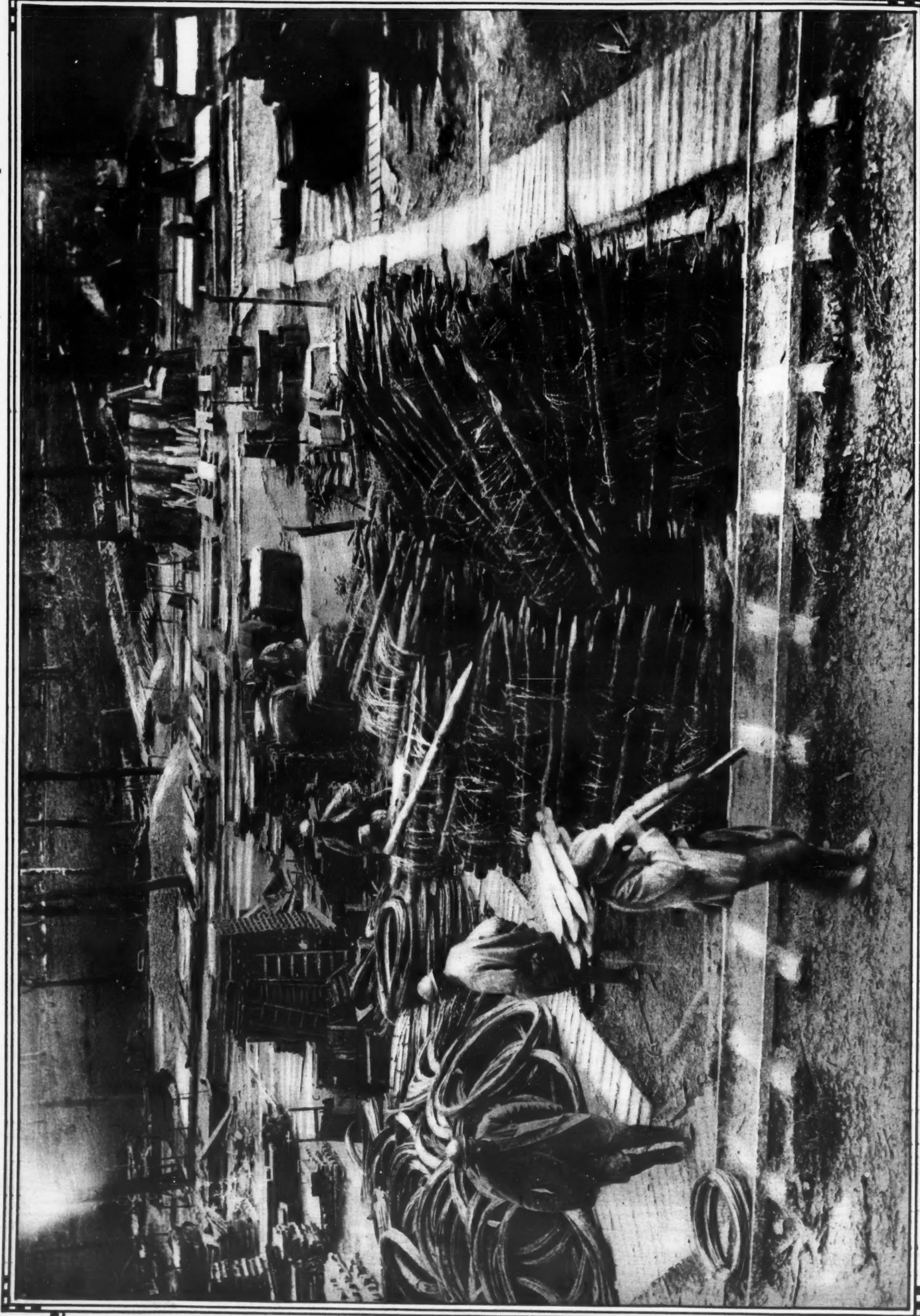


In this picture the German Dragon balloon has been attacked by a French Nieuport aeroplane, which is seen above it. At the left is the smudge of smoke made by the explosive shell which the aeroplane has fired at the balloon; in the lower right corner the observer from the balloon is escaping to the earth in a parachute; the balloon is still in normal position, its basket hanging beneath it and four wind catches streaming out at the side.



A few seconds later than in the picture to the left; the balloon has been set on fire by the shells or bombs from the French aeroplane, and is now falling; the basket is still beneath it, but the wind catches are now above the balloon, being dragged down by its falling weight. In the upper left corner may be seen the French Nieuport machine still circling over the spot where it has dealt the death blow to its enemy's lookout aircraft. (Photo © Universal Press Syndicate.)

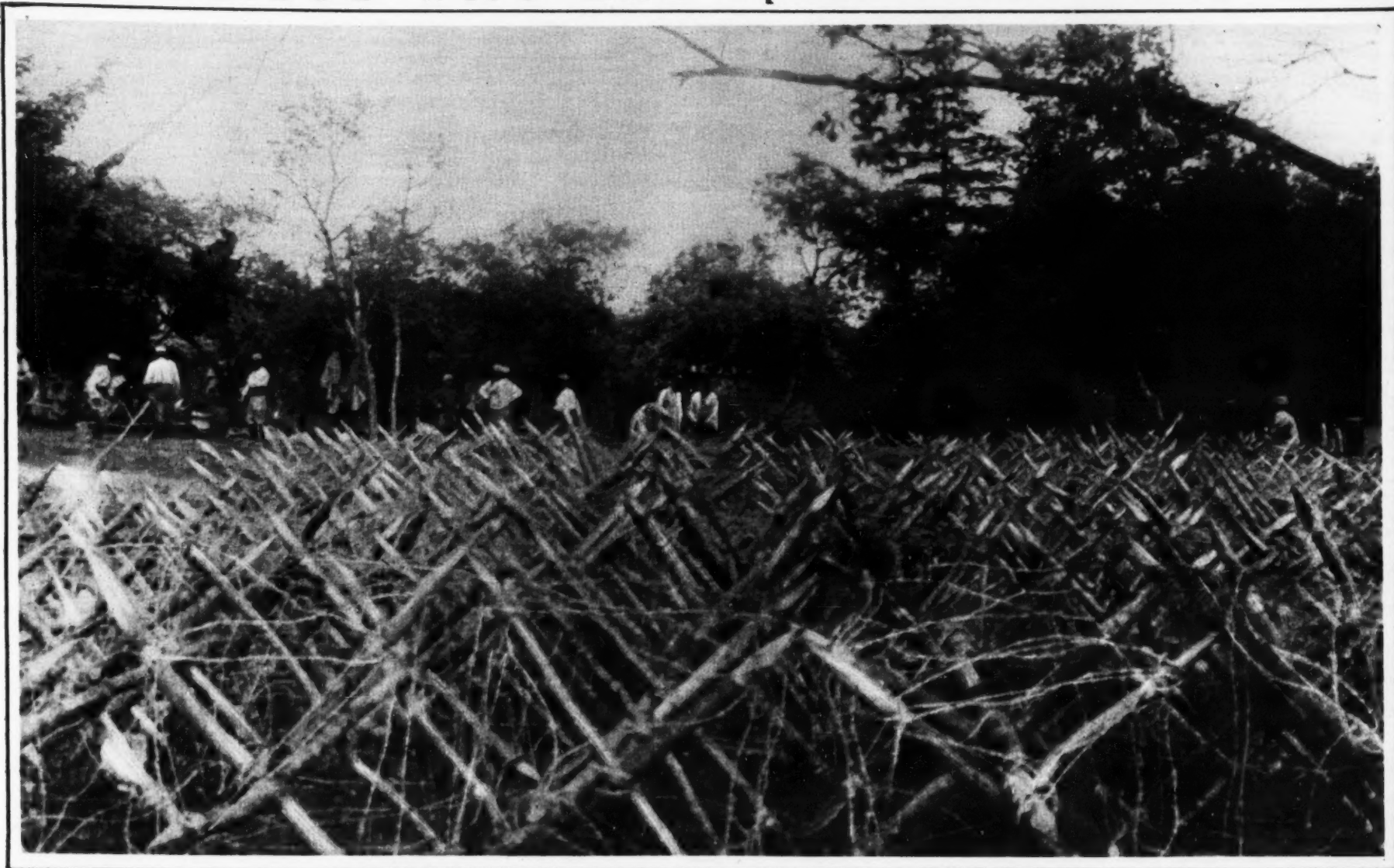
Abundance of Material in French Reserve Depots



Barbed wire, telephone and telegraph wire, stakes, timbers, drain pipes, sand bags, cement, and—ladders! A part of the stock in one of the many abundantly supplied reserve depots of material behind the fighting lines on the French front.

(© Meadon Photo Service.)

Barbed Wire and Spiked Defenses



A forest of defense work upon its completion by the French soldiers. It is on the Champagne front, where the German offensive has become again active.
(Medem Photo Service.)

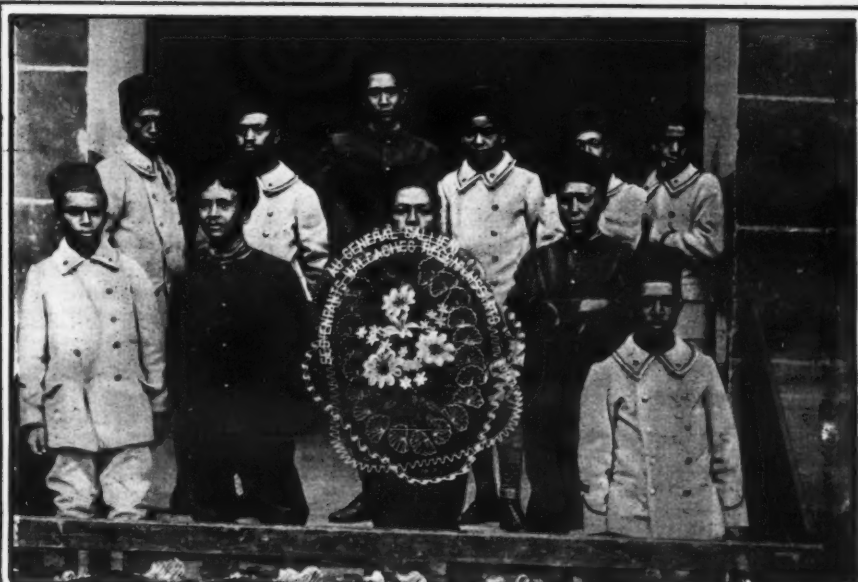


At another position in the Champagne—a veritable thicket of barbed wire. The view is taken through a narrow opening in the French trenchworks which the wire is defending.
(Press Illustrating Co.)

The National Funeral of General Gallieni



(Above) The last honors being paid to "the Savior of Paris" before the Municipal Palace in Paris on June 1 by all the troops and other bodies which formed the grand funeral cortège.



(Above) The bier being borne from the Invalides, where it had lain in state; behind the bier was led, draped in mourning, General Gallieni's charger.



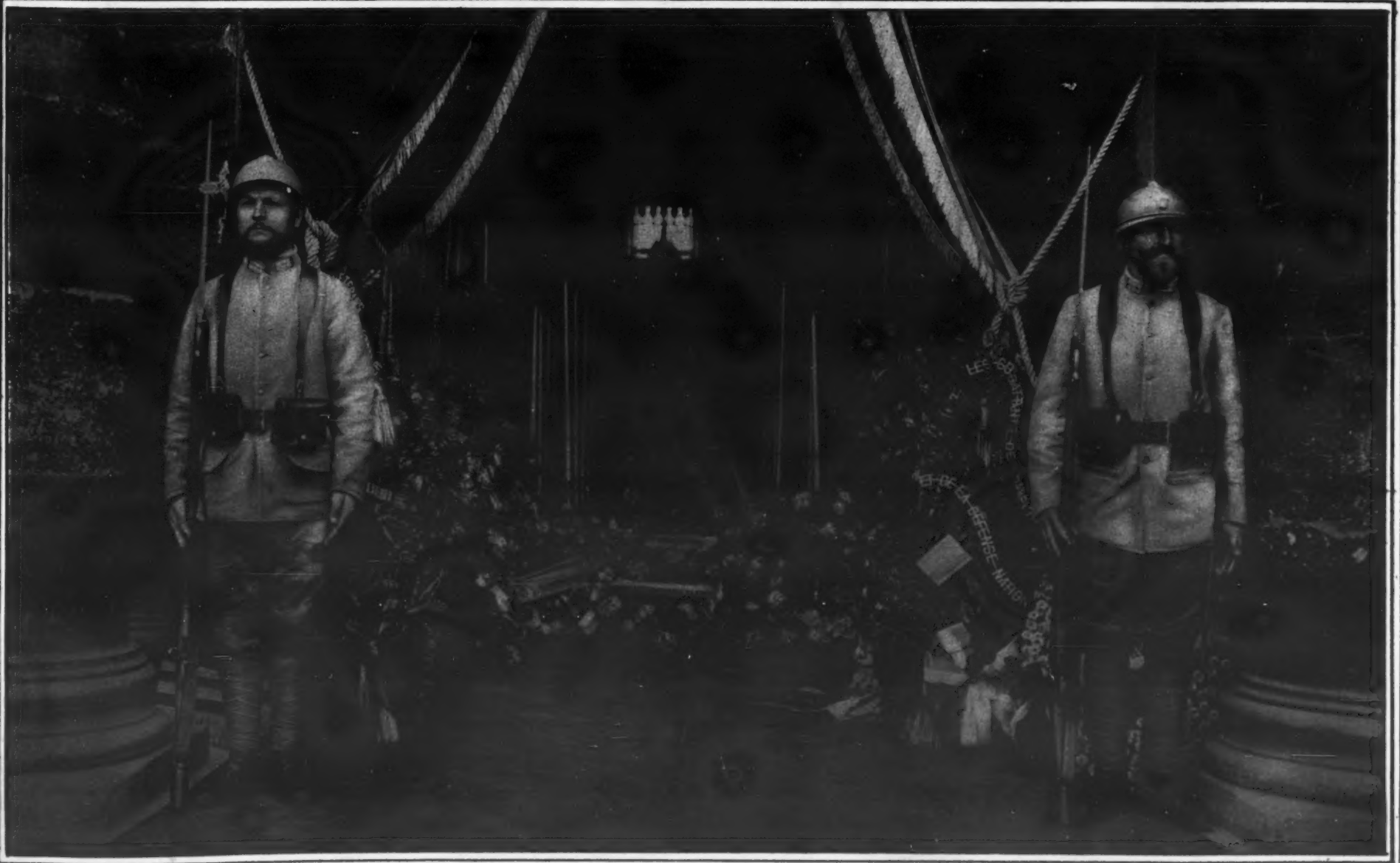
(Above) One of the many thousands of floral pieces sent to the funeral chapel from all parts of France: "To General Gallieni from his devoted African followers."

In the court of the Invalides a superb eulogy of General Gallieni is pronounced, in the name of all Parisians, by M. Mithouard, President of the Municipal Council.

Gallieni, "the Savior of Paris."



Scene in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville; the great gun caisson bearing the coffin is seen in the centre; Notre Dame shows in the background.



The funeral chapel in the Invalides, before which the crowd filed in endless procession; two Poilus formed the guard of honor at the bier.

Poilu and Muguet—an Idyll of the Meuse



This charming picture is from a snapshot made in a woodland of one of the little valleys of the Meuse behind Verdun. It shows two French soldiers—pollus—gathering the muguet, (lily of the valley,) the flower which to

the French is emblematic of victory. Muguet grows in great abundance in some sections of the French front, and this has been taken as a good omen by the soldiers. Recently a "Victory Day" was celebrated in France, and

in Paris bouquets of the flowers sent from the front were sold in the streets, the proceeds being devoted to war charities. (Paul Thompson.)

Whither the Two Ends of the Russian Drive Tend



The Carpathian Mountains, in Southern Bukowina, toward which the Russian army under General Letchitzky is driving the Austrian army of General Pflanzer.



A panoramic view of the Galician capital, Lemberg, toward which the drive of General Brussiloff's northern armies is directed.

Austria's Offensive Halts



AN ITALIAN GUN ON THE HEIGHTS OF MONTE MAGGIO, OVERLOOKING
THE AUSTRIAN OFFENSIVE HAS BEEN REPORTED AS HALTED SINCE

THURSDAY,
JUNE 29, 1916

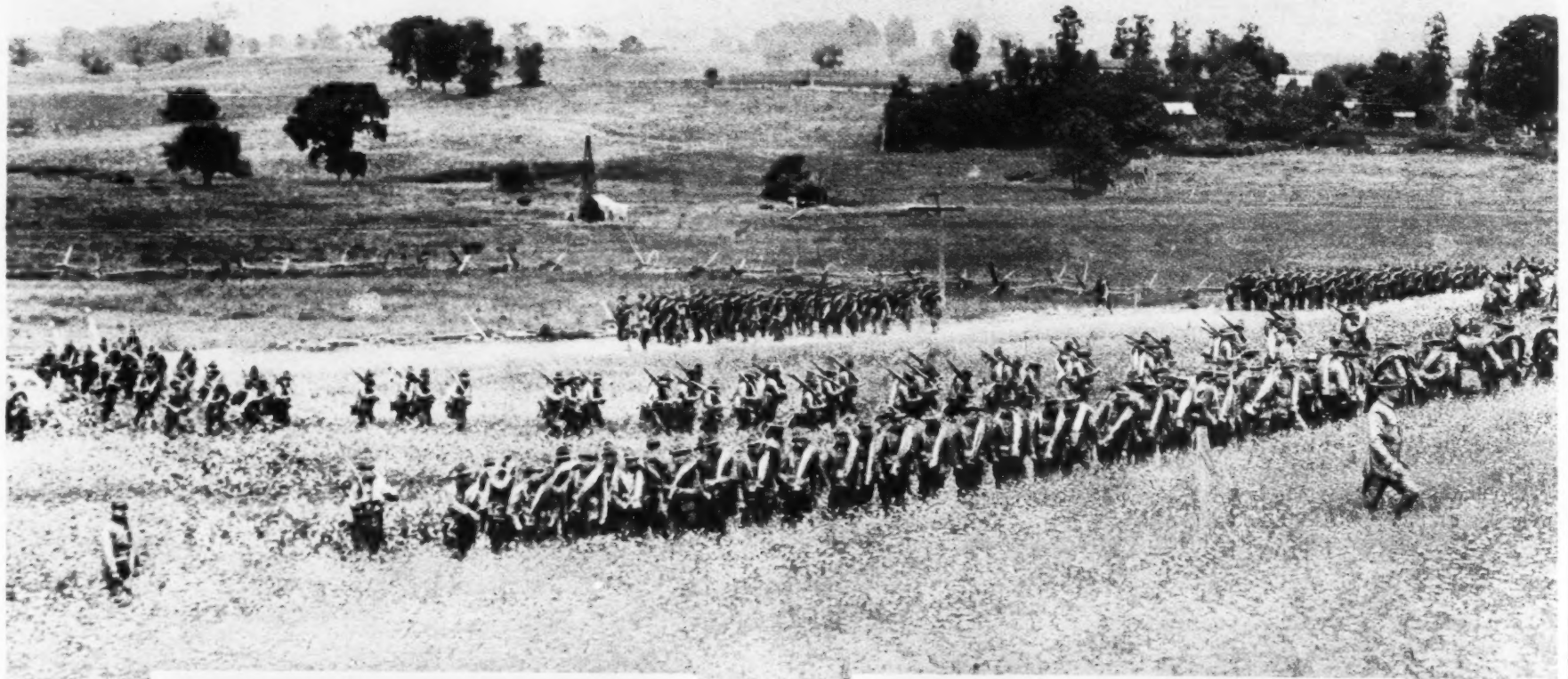
Its on the Italian Borders



ERLOOKING ARSIERO, TO THE SOUTH OF THE VAL SUGANO, WHERE
HALTED SINCE THE RUSSIAN GALICIAN DRIVE GOT UNDER WAY.



The Mobilization of Our National Guard



Major Gen. John F. O'Ryan, who is in charge of the mobilization of the New York National Guard at Beekman.

A detachment of the Twenty-second Engineers and the entire Sixty-ninth Regiment of New York proceed to Camp Whitman, at Beekman, N.Y., where the mobilization work will centre.

(Below) A panoramic view of the beginning of the Sixty-ninth Regiment's camp at Beekman. With the Twenty-second Engineers, this regiment will prepare the camp for the other troops.



Major Gen. Thomas H. Barry, Commander of the Central Department, U.S.A., who is directing mobilization in the Central States.



(Photos © Underwood & Underwood.)

First Off for Camp—the Sixty-ninth Regiment



The Sixty-ninth Regiment of the National Guard of New York passing up Fifth Avenue, New York City, on its way to entrain last week. The Sixty-ninth was the first of the New York regiments to reach, in completely organized form, the mobilization camp at Beekman, New York.

(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)

To Make a Balkan Holiday



The wreck of the Zeppelin L-25, which fell in the marshes near Saloniki, has been brought to that city and placed on public view; this pyramid is made of steel structural parts of the débris and surmounted with the Russian, French, British, and Italian flags.

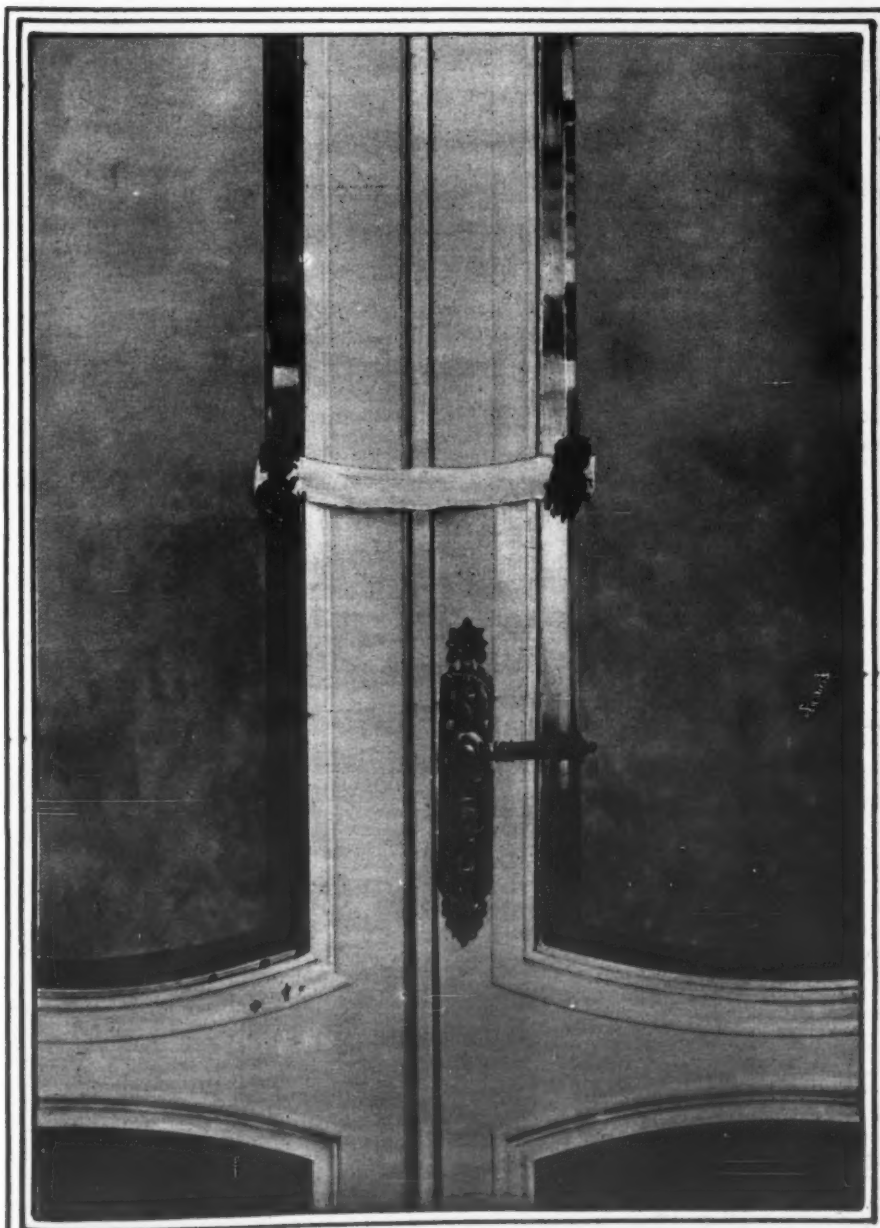


The wreckage deployed on the promenade at the Saloniki waterfront.
(© International Film Service.)

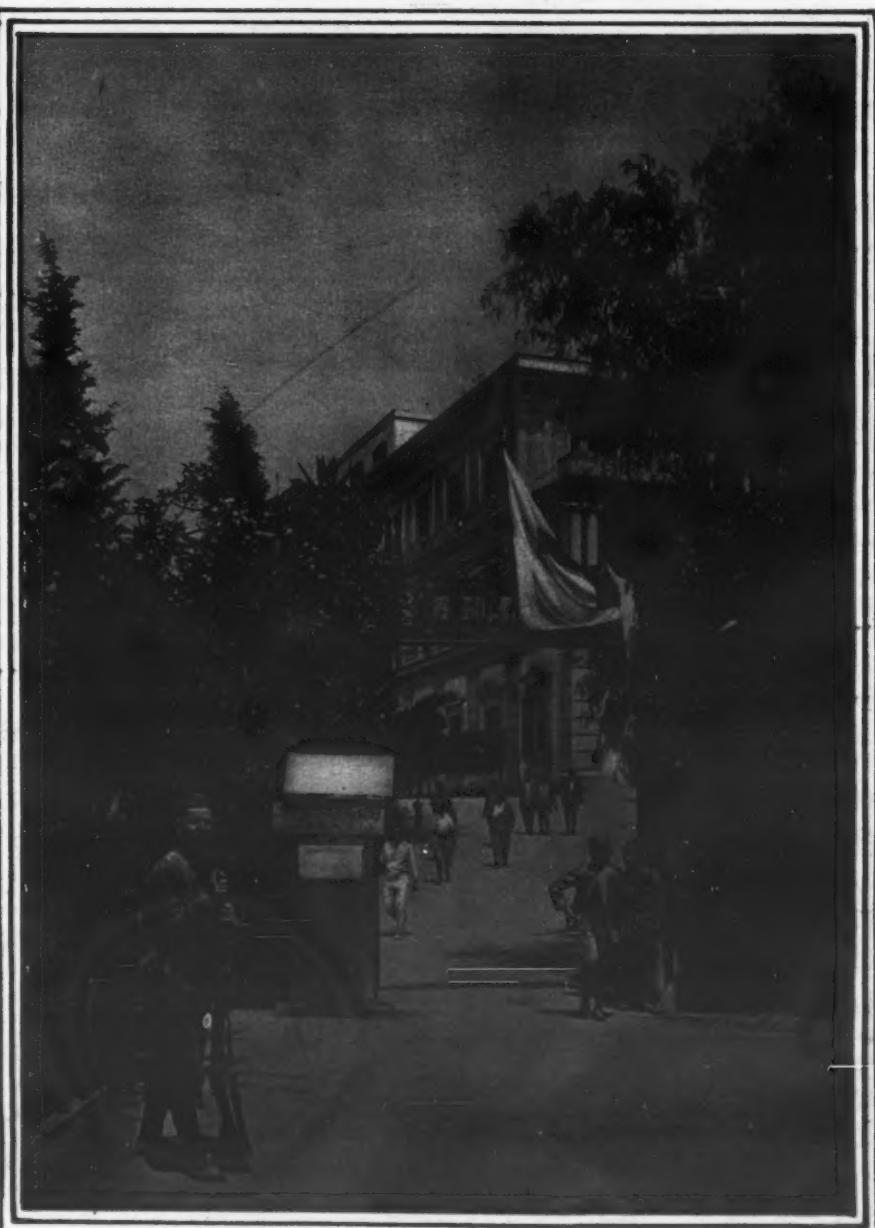
At Corfu, Where a New Serb Army Has Trained



At Corfu, ready to embark for Saloniki—a regiment of the rehabilitated Serbian army.

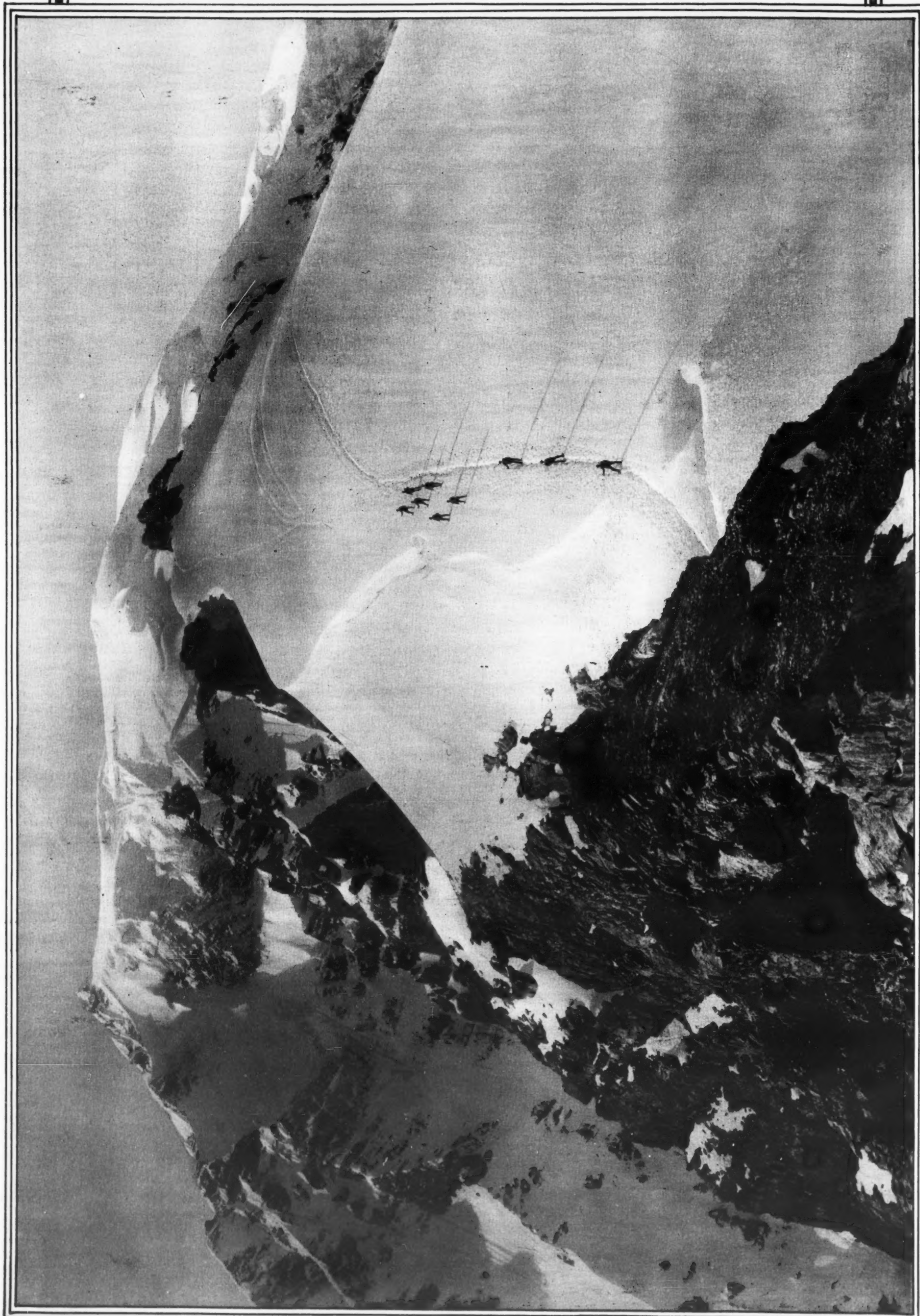


The door leading to the imperial apartments in the Kaiser's palace of Achilleion at Corfu, sealed by the allied authorities.



The entrance to the Achilleion palace grounds; a French Zouave is on sentry duty at the gate.

(Photos from Paul Thompson.)



"THE STELVIO PASS IS OVERSHADOWED BY THE ORTLER PEAK, WHICH SOARS TO 12,870 FEET HIGH, OR NEARLY TWO AND A HALF MILES."
(© Universal Press Syndicate.)



Brenner Pass and the town of Mauts.

From the Stelvio Pass to Trieste By Charles Johnston

WHEN an army goes forth to meet a foreign foe it comes, in due time, to the national frontier. Thus the German Army came to the frontiers of Belgium and Luxemburg; Russia came to the frontiers of East Prussia and Galicia. In each case these were imaginary lines, marked only by painted boundary posts. But when the Italian armies went forth to redeem their brothers under Austrian rule they came to a real frontier, much of it many thousand feet in the air. The reason is simple: when the boundaries of Northern Italy were laid down they were run, for the most part, along the summits of mountain ranges, with the hope, doubtless the vain hope, as it has proved—that a boundary out of reach, along a mountain summit, would be left alone.

The boundary line between Italian and Austrian territory, as it was before the war, begins, on the west, at the southeast corner of Switzerland, where the Stelvio Pass runs up from the plain of Lombardy into the rugged mountain road that leads to Bozen. The Stelvio Pass is overshadowed by the Ortler Peak, which soars to 12,870 feet high, or nearly two and a half miles. This means, of course, glittering snowpeaks, and the pass itself choked with snow until well on in June—or even July, perhaps, if snow fell heavily and Spring came late, as was the case in the present year.

From the Stelvio the Austro-Italian boundary runs almost due southward to a point close to Lake Garda, and for practically the whole distance along ice-covered mountain summits. The lovely lake head of Garda, the deep-blue water browbeaten by huge rocks and precipices, and furrowed in time of peace by



*Nago Pass and Mont Brione near Lake Garda, lower Trentino.
(Photos Leipziger Press-Buro.)*

"THE STELVIO PASS IS OVERSHADOWED BY THE ORTLER PEAK, WHICH SOARS TO 12,870 FEET HIGH, OR NEARLY TWO AND A HALF MILES."
(© Universal Press Syndicate.)



The Madonna del Mare, at Abbazia, near Fiume, across the Istrian peninsula from Trieste.

bustling little tourist steamboats, is one of two points—and there are only two—where the frontier line, many hundreds of miles long, comes close to sea level. The other is on the lower Isonzo, as one approaches Trieste.

Northward from Garda and about the head of the lake there is country which one may call by comparison more open and level, though much of it is a welter of rocks. And these rocks, it is said, are old coral reefs dating from a time when all Northern Italy was under deep sea. But among these reefs, with their fantastical forms and colors, there are rich vineyards and fields of tobacco; there are peaches and apricots; there are even curiously tilted fields of grain. And on the hilltops here, as all through the mountain region, through much of Tyrol and Switzerland, there are the castles, whether still tenanted, or in ruins, of mediaeval robber barons, men like those who, sweeping down from "Hawk's-burg" founded the Hapsburg dynasty.

"Look out, God," the irreverent men of those times used to say, "or Rudolf of Hapsburg will get your throne!"

The city of Trent, that most ancient city taking its title from Etruscan Neptune's trident, has memories and buildings of nearly every age since then, including the time of the great



A view of Lake Garda, as seen from Monte Castella. This

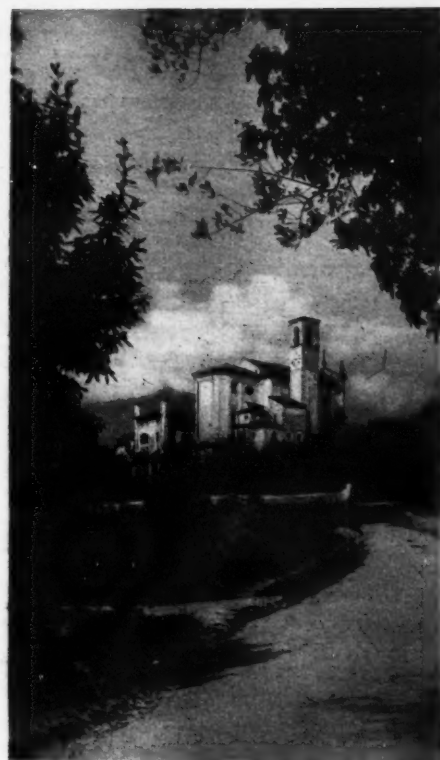


*At Riva, the principal Austrian port on Lake Garda.
(Photos © Universal Press Syndicate.)*

Anti-Protestant council. Perhaps it is the height of the many-storied houses, or the narrowness of the streets, or the thickness of the walls, or the smallness of the little square windows, or all these together, that give it a certain gloomy and forbidding air in spite of the Italian vivacity of its people and the many-colored costumes of the mountaineers from the nearby villages. Trent is, of course, on the highroad from Italy to Innsbruck, by way of Bozen and the Brenner Pass, which crosses a divide some 4,400 feet high.

From Innsbruck, which is itself overshadowed by huge rock walls, the road leads westward to Switzerland and Lake Constance, (otherwise known as the Boden See, and famed for the making of Zeppelins;) while to the east one may follow the Inn down through gorges and rock channels till one comes at last to the wide valleys of the Danube. So the Garda-Trent-Bozen-Innsbruck road has been for ages a passage way for warring armies. For the moment, the sign, "No thoroughfare!" is conspicuous, a little to the south of Rovereto.

The tongue of land which stretches south from Trent to Lake Garda is called the Trentino, and the name has been given, for convenience, to the first of the four battle-sectors recognized by the Italian General Staff, under General



At Pieve di Cadore, which lies between Cortina, in the Dolomites and the Ampezzo.

cept snowpeaks and precipices. And this for the sufficient reason that there is nothing else there!

The ragged Dolomites (which take their name, it will be remembered, from Dolomieu, the geologist, who explored them) then turn more to the eastward, and, rising into a yet higher wall, take the name of the Carnic Alps, giving a title to the third battle area—the Carnia war sector.

On the far side of the wall, which ever and again rises to 10,000 feet, with the frontier traced from summit to summit, lie the valleys of two Austrian rivers, the Gail and the Drave; down the latter, a railroad runs from the southern end of the Brenner Pass, through Brunecken and Lienz to Klagenfurt, and thence northeastward to Vienna. If the Italian arms were ideally successful at this point, that is the road they would take.

The Carnic Alps, bending to the southeast, gradually lose themselves in foothills, through which another railroad penetrates on its way from Venice to Vienna. At about that point the third Italian battle sector merges into the fourth, that of the Isonzo, with its great but still unwon prizes, Gorizia and Trieste; the one, a castle-crowned rock-pyramid set in fruit gardens; the other, a great harbor, lined with wharves and tall warehouses.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

the northern end of the lake, which extends also far into Italy.

Porro. East of the Trentino, a long side valley comes up from Italy to Trent; the Val Sugana, down which toward Asiago Napoleon once fought against the Austrians. Val Sugana is, as to its lower levels, a place of vineyards and fruit gardens, rich also in flowers; but a little higher one comes to rock ledge and precipice, and across the width of the valley Italian and Austrian have been bombarding each other for thirteen months now, with big shells out of heavy guns.

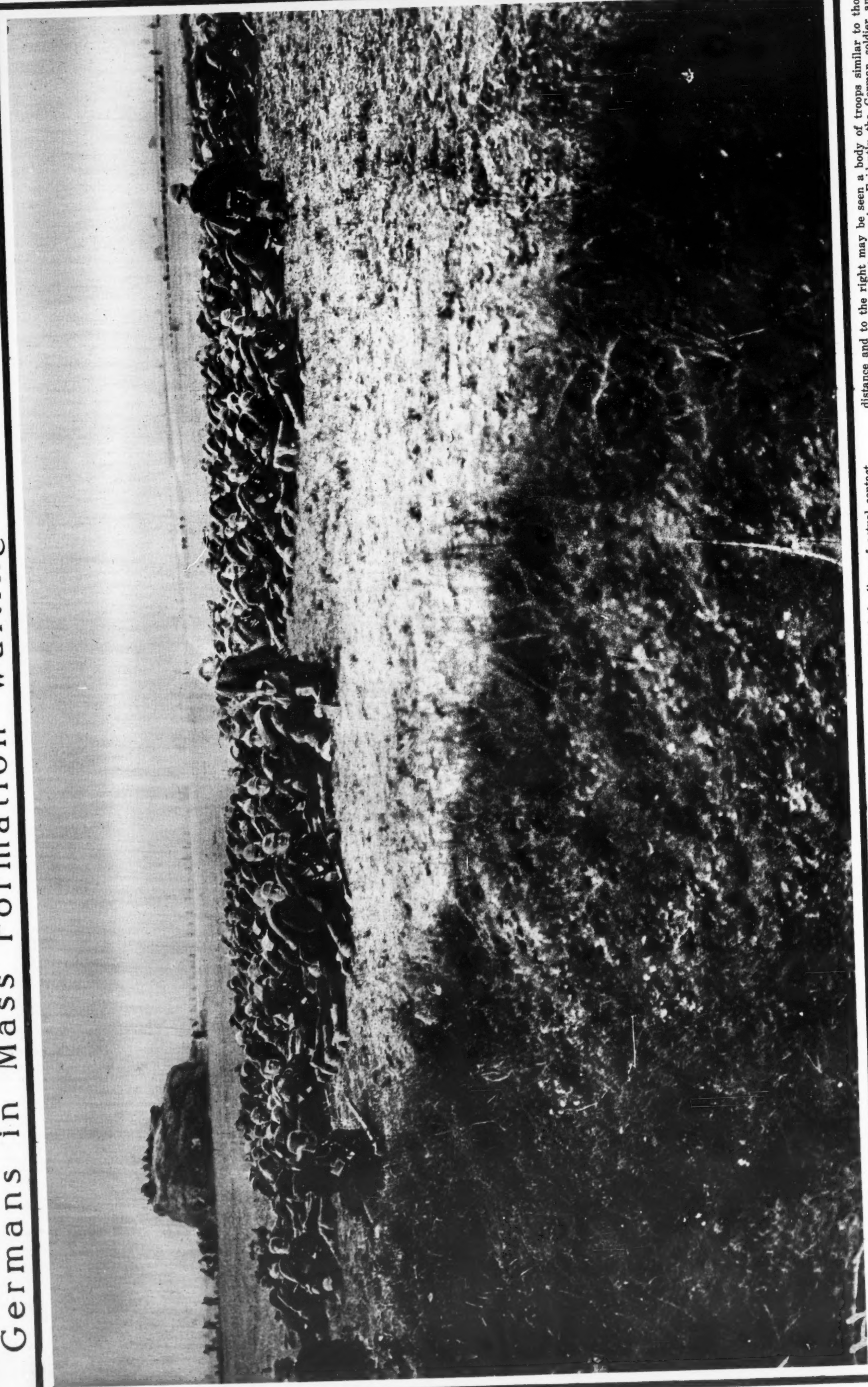
Austria has had big guns on all her fronts—the guns which battered down Liège were Austrian—but one of the marvels of the war has been the way in which the Italians have, after first building rock roads along the precipices, dragged the biggest guns along them, stalwart motors tugging the huge caterpillar-wheeled monsters to unimaginable summits. In one case, to get at their adversaries, the Italians even blew the top off a mountain—the Col di Lana—after mining endlessly through solid rock.

On the eastern side of the Trentino, where the Cadore warfront begins, the lovely little town of Cortina was early captured by Italian armies; but along the greater part of the Cadore sector nothing at all has been captured—nothing has even been contested—ex-



The "Three Zinns," an important pass in the Dolomite Mountains.
(Photos © Leipziger Press-Buro.)

Germans in Mass Formation Waiting the Word to Charge

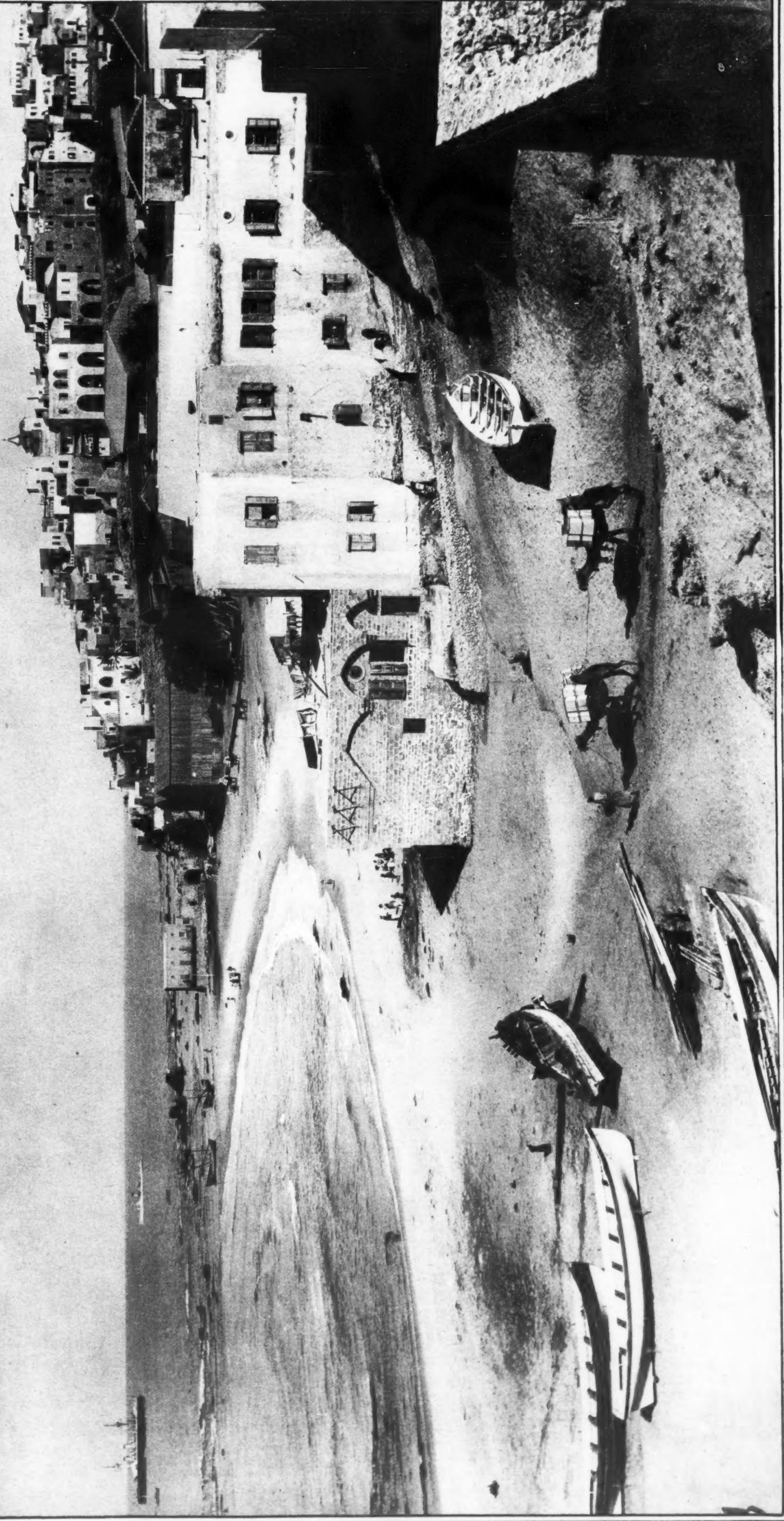


The circumstances relating to this photograph are most unusual. It was made from one of a number of small films that were found upon the body of a dead German after a charge by German troops against a French position in front of Verdun. The picture shows a number of Ger-

man troops resting in a field immediately behind the lines of actual contact with the French and awaiting the order to charge the French positions. In the distance may be seen what is evidently a group of German officers at a temporary field post in the shelter of a giant haystack. Still further in the

distance and to the right may be seen a body of troops similar to those in the foreground of the photograph. Evidently the German soldier amused himself by snapping the company of his comrades while they were waiting, the picture-taker being killed in the mass charge which followed.
(© Medem Photo Service.)

Reported Seized by the Arabs in Revolt Against Turkey



Jeddah, the seaport of Mecca, in Turkey-in-Asia, which is reported in the hands of the Arabs, who, under the leadership of the Grand Sherif of Mecca, have revolted against Turkish dominion, and seized this, the chief seaport on the Arabian side of the Red Sea.

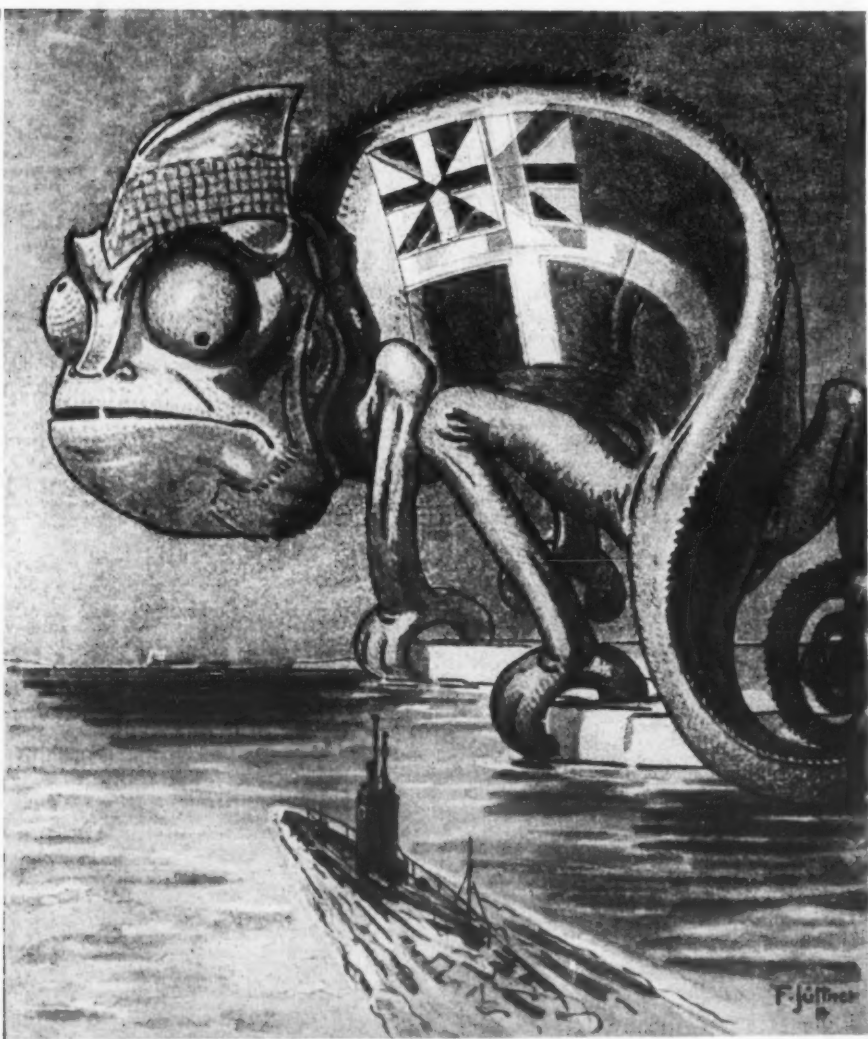
Beasts and Birds in War Cartoons—I. German Artists Pay Their Respects to the "Mistress of the Seas"



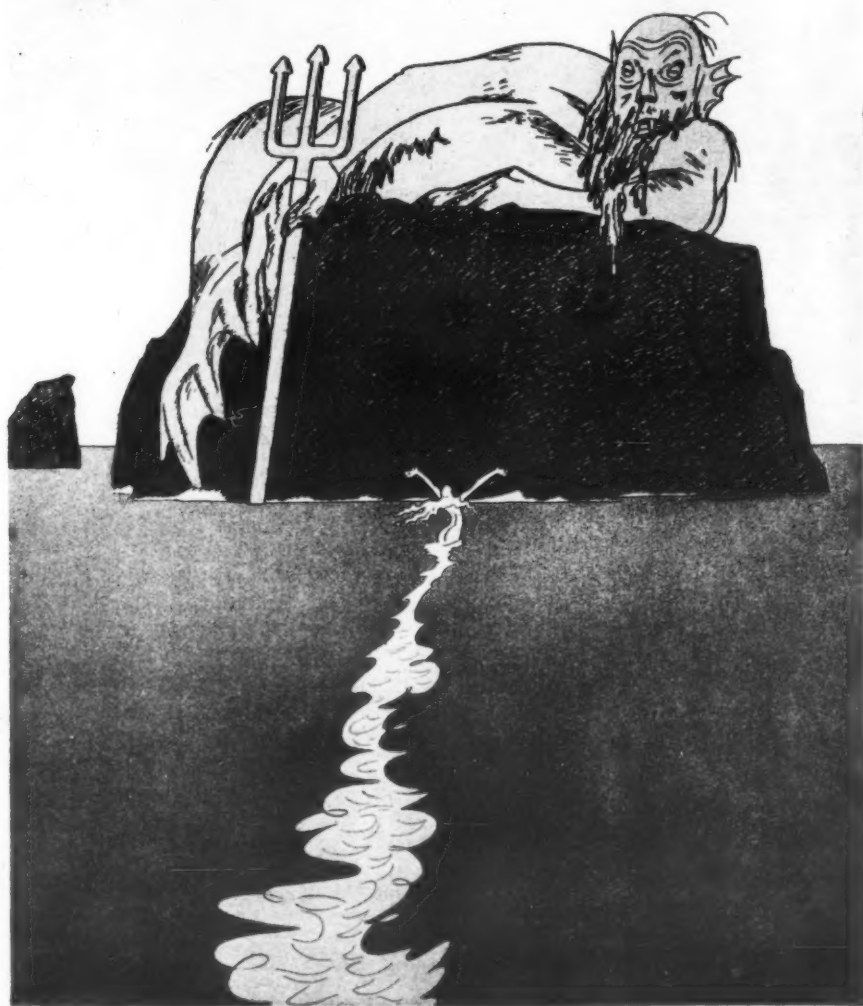
John Bull, on the cliffs of Dover, points out the promised land to Hunger: "You have served me well in India and in Ireland; go!—there in Germany lies your next field!"



The British Spider; in the web woven of his international policies Belgium has already been caught; and France is receiving her death sting.



Maintaining his customary watch over the English Channel from the cliffs of Dover, the British sea monster is surprised to see his domain boldly entered by a newcomer, the German submarine.



Anglia, in alarm, complains to her Father Neptune at the Orkney Islands that the Germans are in the Atlantic; but Neptune only nods in approval.